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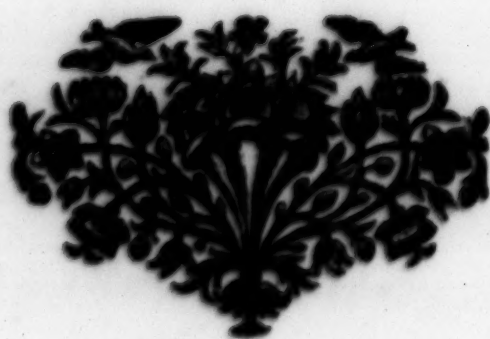
THE SEVENTH

SATYRE

OF

JUVENAL

IMITATED.



LONDON:

Printed for C. B. and Sold by A. Dodd, at the Peacock,  
near Essex-Street in the Strand. M.DCC.XLV.

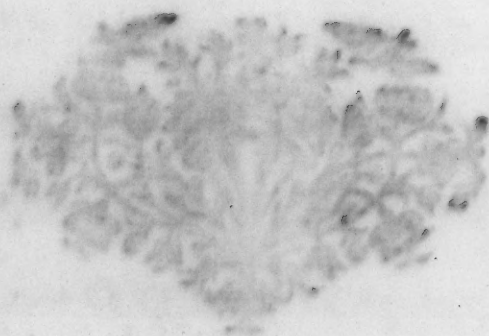
THE SEVENTH

SATYRE

OF

J. U. V. E. N. A. L.

I. M. I. T. E. D.



L O N D O N.

Printed by G. B. and sold by A. Bell, at the Theatre,  
and by J. G. in the Strand. MDCCLXXV.



10 Yet feeds on nothing but Poetic Meat;

Faugh'd shall quit the unwearied Vale;

THE

And range his Authors on the leaved Rail.

# SEVENTH SATYRE

12 A better Task, blunt Hoofly maintain;

OF

Then turning lavish Pinks to worldly Gains;

Though Wealth would join thee to the venal Tribe,

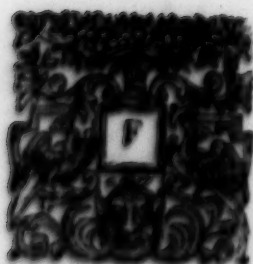
## JUVENAL

Let Knights and Lords the heedless Guest entice;

20 Then pack the Gauds and revels in a Dice;

While such foul Crimes through high-born Climates wax

Plagues, with Joy, behold each bounteous Son.



FROM *Caesar*, now, each Poet hopes Reward;

*Caesar* alone supports each gentle Bard;

Beneath his Shade the ever-rhyming Throng,

Rosy and plump, prepare the joyful Song.

5 He view'd the Muse distress'd, and had her soar,

Where *Ward* detain'd her, at an Ale-house Door;

No longer *Glio* humbly begs a Place ;  
 Nor *Phæbus* turns a Flatt'rer to his Grace.  
 In *Pindus*' Shade who has obtain'd a Seat,

10 Yet feeds on nothing but Poetic Meat,  
 Famish'd shall quit the unrewarding Vale,  
 And range his Authors on the learned Rail.  
 Suspended Wit a restless Seat shall find,  
 And Bards instruct us, which Way fits the Wind :

15 A better Task, blunt Honesty maintains,  
 Than turning slavish Pimps to worldly Gains ;  
 Though Wealth would join thee to the venal Tribe,  
 Or bold Corruption holds the golden Bribe.

Let Knights and Lords the heedless Guest entice,  
 20 Then pack the Cards, and palm the loaded Dice :  
 While such foul Crimes through high-born Channels run  
*Phæbus*, with Joy, beholds each blameless Son.

No more shall Poets call for Aid in vain,  
 If *Cæsar*'s Name give Sanction to the Strain.

25 Lo ! Birth-day Odes are paid with more than Fame ;

And *Merlin*'s Cave resounds her *Stephen*'s Name :

Then join, ye Bards, in one full Song of Praise ;

To *Cæsar*'s Glory dedicate the Lays ;

Sing his Elogiums through each croaking Throat ;

30 Let every Owl attempt the Linnet's Note.

Can you want Matter on a Theme so bright ?

Let Force of Numbers be exhausted quite :

His numerous Virtues in your Poem trace,

Till the full Paper shews no vacant Space :

35 So shall your Lines obtain a just Reward,

Not vainly lavish'd on a griping Lord :

Or, if begun, the growing Task resign,

And to the Flames commit the fruitless Line.

Ye Bards, that, mounted on the Eagle's Wing,

40 Quit your low Cells, and wake the trembling String,

Though *Richardson* your meagre Features trace,

And every Print-shop shew the wrinkled Face ;

Though crown'd with all the Laurel *Pindus* bears ;

Yet empty Glory ill repays your Cares.

45 The Rich, alas ! no real Gifts dispense ;

Praise is the Pay, they give to Rhyme and Sense :

Each will assent thy Labours to admire ;

Yet leave the Gods to crown whom they inspire.

Mean while thy Fancy with thy Youth is fled,

50 And ruthless Age unprops thy trembling Head ;

You

You curse the Muse, that left you old and poor,  
 And drive the guileful Strumpet from your Door.  
 The baneful Lyre no longer can relieve,  
 That sung so sweetly only to deceive.  
 55 The mighty Man, to whom in vain you sue,  
 Loves the bright Taste, and writes as well as you:  
 Nor yields his Verse to *Pope*, or *Dryden's* Strains:  
 So swears his Grace, his Chaplain so maintains.  
 The flatt'ring Bard, who hopes Admittance there,  
 60 But sows in Whirlwinds, and would reap in Air.  
 Yet deaf to Reason's Voice the scribbling Throng  
 Grow old in Numbers, nor refrain from Song.  
 Can *Codrus* hope *Parnassus'* Heights to scale,  
 Or write of Princes, who gets drunk with Ale?  
 65 Or will *Apollo* bless the empty Line,  
 That's vainly lavish'd at a Miser's Shrine?  
*Swift* (whose great Name shall never waste away,  
 Till Suns grow pale, and Nature's Self decay)  
 With biting Humour season'd Reason's Frown,  
 70 Nor thought keen Wit a Scandal to the Gown,  
 When learned *Harley* patroniz'd his Lays,  
 And mingled Profit with immortal Bays.

What lofty Theme can to its Height be wrought,  
 How rise the Genius, or how glow the Thought,  
 75 Unless bright *Ceres* help the yielding Strain,  
 And *Bacchus* wanton in the tuneful Brain ?  
 Had *Glover* pin'd within a Prison-Gate,  
 The sick'ning Muse had shar'd her Master's Fate ;  
 Or, meanly grov'ling in ignoble Style,  
 80 The Patriot Song had ceas'd to charm our Isle.

Would you have *F*—— match what *Congreve* writ ?  
 Oh, give him Cloaths, e're you deny him Wit.  
 When press'd with Duns, and forc'd to write for Bread,  
 The craving Belly checks the teeming Head.  
 85 But he has Patrons, and of those not few——  
 Patrons ! dy'e call them ? — an unthinking Crew,  
 In Manners grov'ling, as they're high in Birth,  
 Who give to Strumpets, what they keep from Worth ;  
 On Hounds and Horses fix their whole Regard,  
 90 Nor spare one Guinea to relieve the Bard.  
 Let *Boyle* at Ease recline, from Courts remov'd,  
 Fond of the Muse, and by the Muse belov'd.

Yet *Gay*, whose Praise resounding People sung,  
 And suck'd the Satyr from a honey'd Tongue,  
 95 To whom each Party paid the due Applause,  
 Scarce found a Patron to befriend his Cause.  
 That luckless Fav'rite of the tuneful Nine  
 Full oft was forc'd on empty Praise to dine,  
 Till Humour, heighten'd to its utmost Pitch,  
 100 Found out a ready Purchaser in *Rich*,  
 Whose bounteous Hand reliev'd a shiv'ring Muse,  
 And gave, what Courts unblushing could refuse.  
 Then, silly Bards, desert the Great with Speed :  
 Court the kind Actor, and your Suits succeed.  
 105 *Cibber* shall get a Licence from his Grace ;  
 D--n--y--r gain thee an Exciseman's Place,  
 Unlike the Lark, you must descend to sing,  
 And crouch observant to a Play-house King.  
 Who, high of Spirit, though depress'd in Purse,  
 110 Can construe this high Blessing to a Curse,  
 Must starve with Fame, though o'er his learned Brow  
 Spread the green Honours of the Laurel Bough.

Deep in his Paper Trench th' Historian lies ;  
 High pil'd the long laborious Volumes rise ;  
 115 Yet no Reward attends the generous Toil :  
 He writes, and freezes by the Midnight Oil.  
 Repent, repent, ye rash ill-judging Great ;  
 Weigh well your Faults, and mend them e're too late.  
 Should none the Actions of the Times record,  
 120 Vain were the Triumphs of the Victor's Sword ;  
 Unknown would stand the Patriot's sacred Bust,  
 And *Marchmont's* Name be mingled with his Dust.  
 Nor think, who far from noisy Crouds retire,  
 Whose learned Breasts the Sister Arts inspire,  
 125 Who quit proud Cities, and each gainful Trade,  
 To court fair Science in the secret Shade ;  
 Think not, I say, the trembling Sage should die,  
 And starve in spite of Immortality.  
 Can we not thrive, but in tumultuous Strife ?  
 130 And need we baffle through a stormy Life ?  
 Well ; then let Profit all her Treasures pour,  
 And glut her Lawyers with the golden Store,  
 See ! the black Locusts swarming in the Hall,  
 The Slaves of Gain, and ever at her Call ;

135 The Paper Tomes beneath their Arms they bear,  
 And for Reward their Iron-Bosoms tear ;  
 But chiefly then with foaming Rage they glow,  
 The Parties present, who the Fees bestow.  
 To prove the Justice of the quick-book'd Debt,  
 140 O'er tedious Briefs the mouthing Gabblers sweat,  
 While varnish'd Tales the Want of Truth supply,  
 And the high Dome repeats th' alternate Lye.  
 Yet count the Profit, that attends the Pains,  
 Observe the Labour, and compute the Gains,  
 145 And *J*——'s Heap, if Fame the Truth reports,  
 Exceeds the Wealth of half the bawling Courts.

On most Professions is entail'd a Curse :  
 The Chance in Physick is as bad or worse.  
 What *H*—— demands, the sev'rish Victim gives,  
 150 Yet by his Art not ev'ry Patient lives.  
 'Tis, that his Heaps all modest Bounds exceed,  
 And Herds unnumber'd in his Pastures feed ;  
 Proud Oxen fatten on his fruitful Land,  
 And his bright Arms display the bloody Hand.

Hence

- 155 This fatal Madneſs, Wit and Skill to rate  
 By Dint of Acres, ſeal'd poor \*\*\*'s Fate.  
 Yet others proſper, and by Arts like theſe  
 Climb Fortune's Summit, and are ſure to pleaſe,  
 Th' expensive Age ſhuns Reaſon's milder Call;  
 160 By Pomp unaided, Merit's ſure to fall.  
 Should *Harvey* riſe (who firſt, unerring Guide,  
 Through Life's warm Channels trac'd the circling Tide)  
 Nor pleaſe our Fancies with a vain Expence,  
 Learning would ſtarve, and Folly vanquiſh Senſe.  
 165 Whoſe thread-bare Coat conceals a heavenly Mind,  
 Shall rarely now a free Admittance find.  
 The weeping Mother with diſhevel'd Hair,  
 Heart-piercing Sight! laments her dying Heir;  
 Offer thy Help: Alas! thou ſueſt in vain,  
 170 When thy old Cloke ſcarce keeps thee from the Rain.

Ye Sons of Worth, whom Learning calls her own,  
 Fly far from hence, and quit a ſenſeleſs Town,

To Fields, where *Thames* with smother Current runs,  
Or where fair *Ouse* delights her *Northern* Sons.

175 In happier Seats your Merits shall prevail,  
Where Peace comes wafted in the rosy Gale ;  
The drooping Youth thy heav'nly Art shall save,  
And Age alone pay Tribute to the Grave.

When Strength of Judgment Fancy's Fruit refines,  
180 And *Attick* Salt runs poignant through the Lines,  
Ye gentle Nine, one pious Tear bestow,  
To see such Talents wither as they grow.  
The Care of Boys extinguishes the Flame,  
And turns his Fancy from the Paths of Fame ;  
185 Their tuneless Cant puts ev'ry Thought to Flight,  
And Earth-born Mists obscure celestial Light.

To clasp fair Science in our fond Embrace,  
To think with Judgment, and to speak with Grace ;  
This all would learn : But, when you've shewn the Way,  
190 The frugal Parent startles at the Pay ;  
Pretends the Stripling has been spoil'd at School,  
And blames the Master, that his Son's a Fool.

Ill fated Wretch ! Are these thy only Gains ?

Is this the full Requital of thy Pains ?

195 Quit, quit this Life, and sooner at the Bar

Join the full Chorus in the wordy War.

No more on Poisons of a distant Age,

A *Jason's* Treachery, or *Medea's* Rage,

Declaim with Boys ; but dwell on ev'ry Crime

200 That swells the Horror of the present Time :

Or, sure to prosper and increase your Hoard,

Lend your fair Sister to some am'rous Lord :

With Tales obscene the genial Feast prolong,

And roar responsive to the Midnight Song.

205 These are the Ways to thrive ; for Merit now

Wears wither'd Garlands on her wrinkled Brow.

Yet mark the Madness that infects our Isle !

No Sums are spar'd to raise the stately Pile.

The marble Halls a thronging Nation hold,

210 And the proud Arches shine with fretted Gold :

Whole Herds must fall to grace the ample Board,

And Sea and Air their various Gifts afford.

What Meats disguis'd prolong the proud Repast !

What fav'ry Poisons glad the nicer Taste !

215 Can'st thou to Pomp then pay such vain Regard,

And yet to Sense refuse the slight Reward ?

Deny the Pittance, which a Tutor craves,

Yet squander Treasures on a Crew of Slaves ?

220 There are, 'tis true, some few Examples known,

Where just Regard has been to Merit shown.

Thus Courts were seen on *Addison* to smile ;

And a State Pension crown'd the Tutor's Toil.

Th' Effect of Fortune ! whom the Goddess owns,

225 And kindly counts among her fav'rite Sons,

Shall strait be wealthy, honourable, wise,

And, though a Pigmy, to a Giant rise.

Thrice bless'd the Babe, who, Heav'n's peculiar Care,

First felt the Influence of some kindly Star !

230 Fortune, who laughs at all we act below,

The High depresses, and exalts the Low ;

From *Charles's* Brow the Wreath of Conquest tore,

And made a short-liv'd King of *Theodore* ;

235 To *Norman* Bastards gave an *English* Crown,

And plac'd a Rebel on a Martyr's Throne.

The Strength of Fate what mortal Force controuls ?

Through Life's wild Maze th' impetuous Torrent rolls ;

But oh ! how few the partial Blessings boast !

240 For one that rises, mark, what Crouds are lost.

The Muse's Darlings, and each Grace's Care,

Too often freeze beneath a nipping Air ;

Ingenious *Butler* felt the common Lot ;

245 He serv'd a thankless Court, and was forgot,

Assenting *Phæbus* bade the Numbers live ;

And Kings approv'd the Strain, but would not give.

Nor thou, illustrious Shade, thy Fate can'st boast,

A hoary Exile to a foreign Coast.

250 Each Muse, each Grace, wept o'er the harsh Decree,

And sacred Knowledge wing'd her Flight with thee.

Posterity, perhaps, may weep thy Doom,

And hang their Garlands round thy hallow'd Tomb ;

Admire thy Learning, but lament thy Fate,

255 And mourn the Fortunes of the Wise and Great.

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To

255 Let Vi'lets issue from each mould'ring Tomb,  
 And Roses rise, and Spring perpetual bloom,  
 To mark their Name, who bade the infant Ear  
 The kind Preceptor as a Sire revere.

Our *British* Heroes bloody from the Fight,  
 260 Who slaughter'd Nations, and put Hosts to Flight,  
 Beheld with rev'rend Joy the ancient Sage,  
 Who to fair Virtue form'd their tender Age.  
 Not so our Youth ; they with insulting Pride  
 Spurn the hoar Head, the wrinkled Front deride.

265 Vain then is Study, vain the Midnight Toil :  
 We dig with Pain in an ungen'rous Soil.  
 The rigid Parent, who with Sorrow gives,  
 For sacred Science *Smithfield* Bargains drives.—  
 Afford just Pity to the learned Slave.

270 Must he ne'er rest, till breathless in his Grave ?  
 While yet the thrifty Tradesman slumb'ring lies,  
 The Day-Star sees him to his Labour rise.  
 Your Task perform'd, the Boy to Manhood grown,  
 The Price agreed on cease to call your own ;

275 For the fly Father finds some hidden Flaw,  
 And leads you through the Labyrinths of Law.  
 Was it for this you ev'ry Fault repress'd,  
 And pour'd each Virtue in the infant Breast  
 Refus'd the Sweets, which happier Times afford,  
 280 The balmy Slumber, and the festive Board ?  
 The strict Enquiries, which the Parent made,  
 Might make thee hope, thou better should'st be paid.  
 His Children's Care is not thy Task alone,  
 He plies thee still with Questions of his own ;  
 285 Asks, \* where one Day and Night the Year compleat,  
 And Mortals stand upon each others Feet ;  
 How large is *Prague*, and where *Bobemia* lies,  
 Is *Lewis* brave, or *Prussia's* Monarch wife ?  
 Such idle Chat thy wearied Soul oppres'd,  
 290 And marr'd those Moments Nature meant for Rest.  
 Suppose, at length, thy utmost Hopes prevail ;  
 The bargain'd Sum is paid thee on the Nail ;  
 Thy Task is ended, and we own thy Praise,  
 Who turn'd each Youth from Error's fatal Ways,

\* See Gordon's amazing *Geographical Paradoxes*.

300 Moulded their waxen Forms to all that's good,  
 And tam'd the Passions of the rebel Blood ;  
 Yet, yet I tell thee, less has been thy Gain,  
 Than *Feild* or *Broughton* in one Day obtain,  
 When the glad Peer rewards the Stout and Bold,  
 305 And to the Victor throws th' uncounted Gold.

**F I N I S.**



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